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OUR FIGHTING FORCES IN ACTION

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NO. 8
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ATTACK



THEY WERE BITTER,
WAR WEARY MEN AND
THE OLD WOMAN'S MUSIC
WAS COMFORTING—PERHAPS
TOO COMFORTING....

**"THE
ORGANIST"**

IN 1942, PFC. MIKE CONROY WAS IN THE PHILIPPINES...IN THE STINKING MUCK OF THE JUNGLE...WITH SNAKES, SPIDERS AND MOSQUITOES EATING AT HIM...AND THE ENEMY COMING AT HIM FROM THE DARKNESS AT NIGHT OR HIDDEN IN THE TREETOPS BY DAY! THE GROUND-POUNDER KNEW WHAT HE WANTED IF HE EVER GOT OUT OF THIS ALIVE...HE KNEW HOW HE WANTED TO FIGHT...

YA STILL GOT DREAMS OF BEIN' A FLY-BOY, MIKE? YA WON'T EVEN LIVE TO SEE THE SUN GO DOWN...

WE'LL GET OUT OF THIS, NEIL! I'LL GET INTO PILOT TRAINING YET!

RATATATATATATAT

WARREN SATTNER

A NICE CLEAN WAR!



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LUKE CONROY MADE IT TO AUSTRALIA... ONE OF A HANDFUL OF G.I.'S WHO GOT OUT OF THE PHILIPPINES BEFORE THE JAPANESE CLAMPED DOWN! AND HE MADE IT TO THE U.S....AND THE AIR FORCE!

YOU'RE GETTING IT, CONROY!



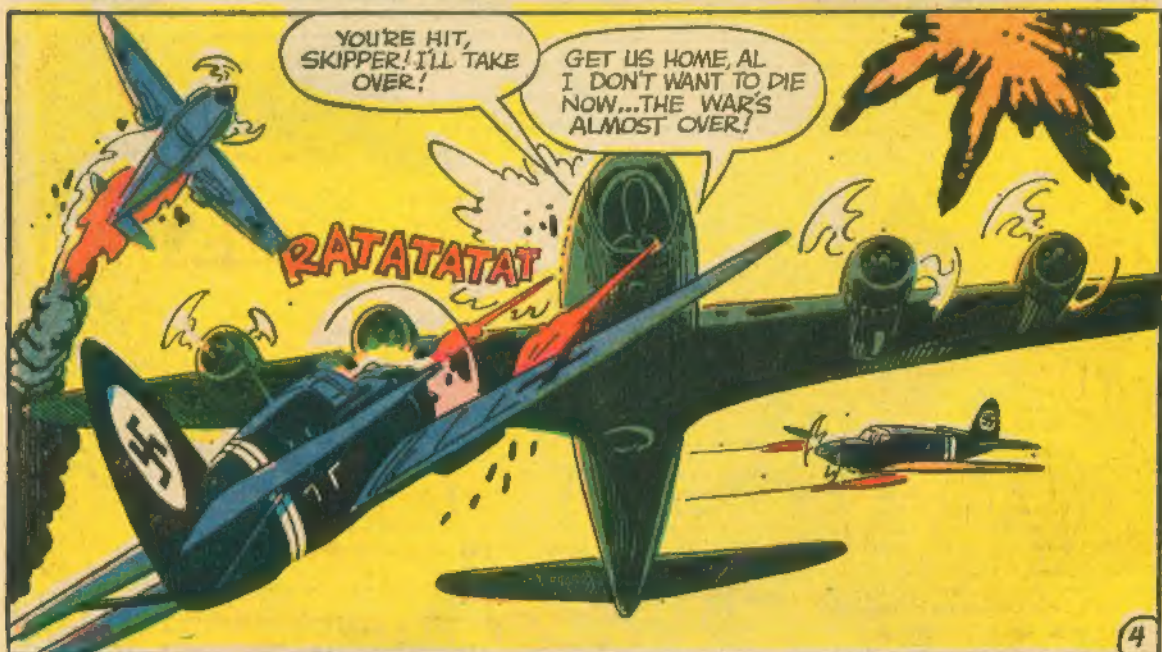
EARLY IN 1943, M.F. CONROY WAS COMMISSIONED A 2ND LIEUTENANT IN THE AIR FORCE...

NO MORE CRAWLING AROUND IN THE MUD...NO SNAKES...NO SPIDERS...NO JAPS OR NAZIS TRYING TO GET AT ME!

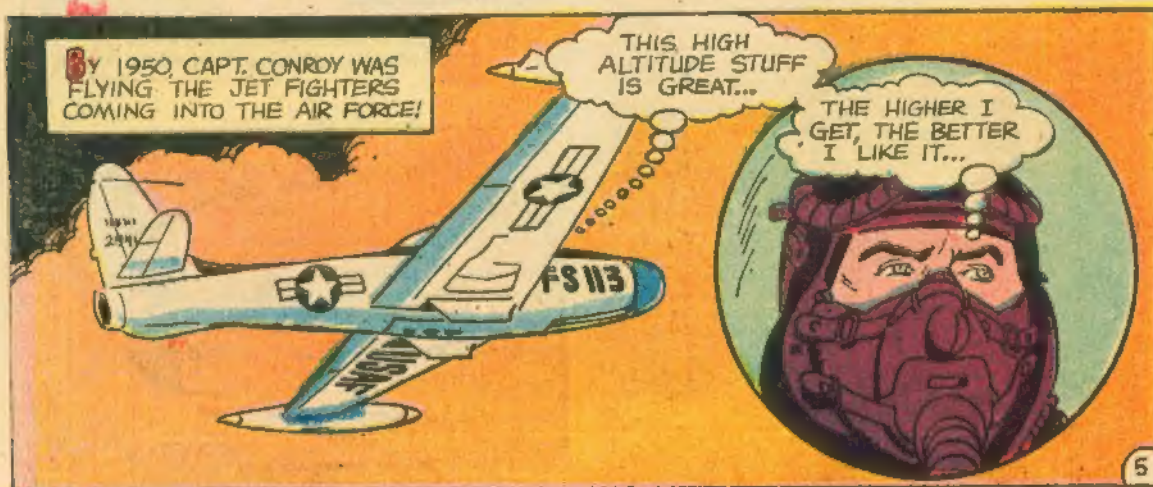
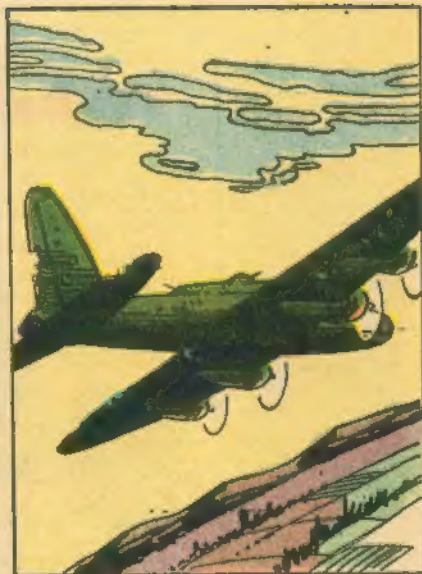




MIKE CONROY DIDN'T DIE THAT DAY... OR AT ANY TIME IN THE NEXT YEAR IN WHICH HE FLEW A LOT OF MISSIONS AND GOT TO BE A CAPTAIN COMMANDING HIS OWN B-17!



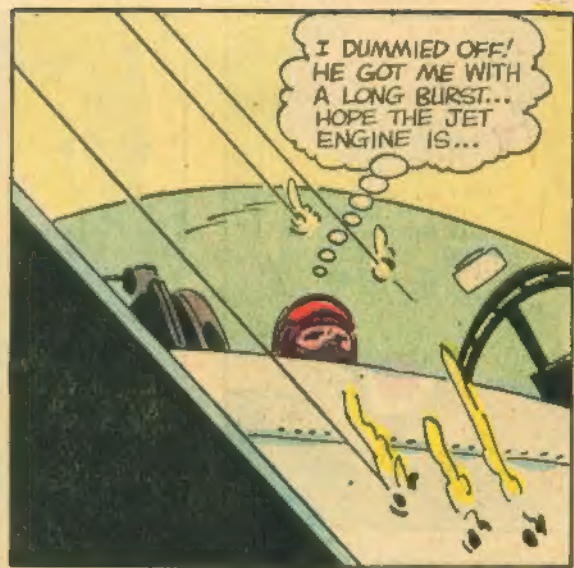
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IT'S SNOWING DOWN
THERE... BELOW ZERO!
THAT'S A ROTTEN WAR!
I'LL TAKE THIS ANY
DAY... CLEAN AND WARM!

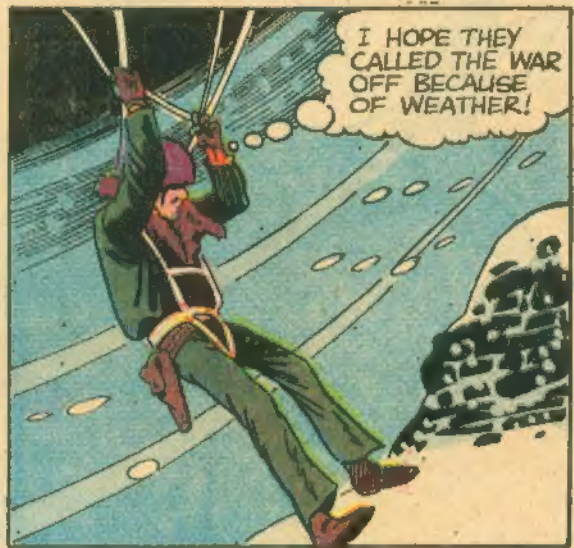


I DUMMIED OFF!
HE GOT ME WITH
A LONG BURST...
HOPE THE JET
ENGINE IS...



THE ENEMY DIDN'T GIVE
HIM A CHANCE TO MAKE
A SECOND MISTAKE...

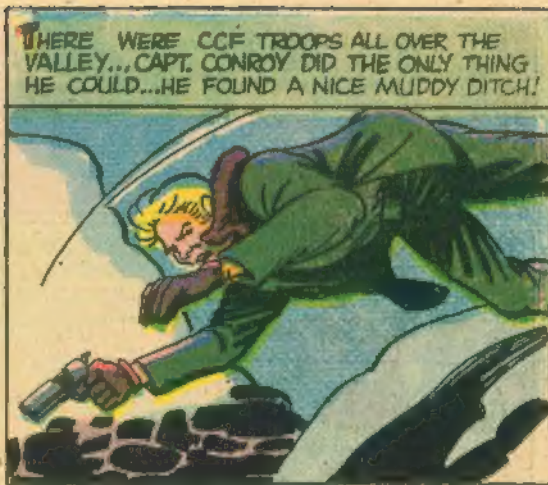
GOTTA FREE FALL
A LONG WAY... I'M
20,000 FEET UP!



I HOPE THEY
CALLED THE WAR
OFF BECAUSE
OF WEATHER!



BAD LANDING!
THERE'S A
CHICOM!



ARCTIC SEARCH!

IT BEGAN IN NOVEMBER, 1971, WHEN AN AMERICAN SATELLITE CAME DOWN OUT OF ORBIT...
IT DRIFTED DOWN OUT OF THE TROPOSPHERE OVER THE PACKED POLAR ICE PACK...
TRACKED ON RADAR BY THE RUSSIANS... AND A HUGE B52 BOMBER...

QUILL PEN FROM NORTH THREE!
SATELLITE WILL LAND ON POLAR
ICE POSITION NINER GEORGE
BAKER THREE!

D-3122

J.K.

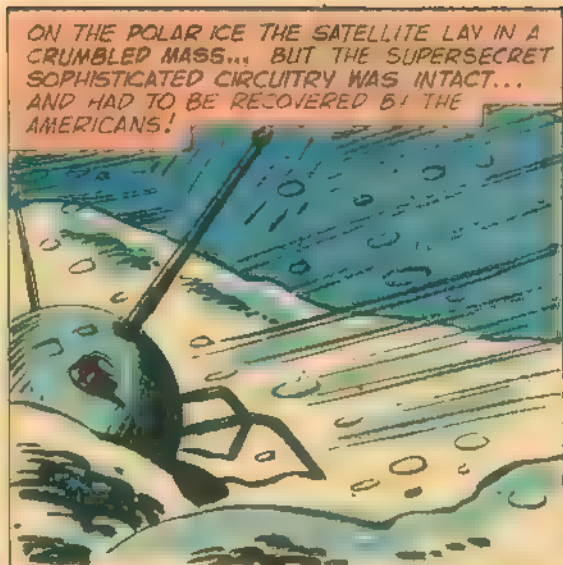
SAMOVAR FROM TOVARICH!
AMERICAN MILITARY SATELLITE
DESCENDING THIS AREA!

IN THE KREMLIN...

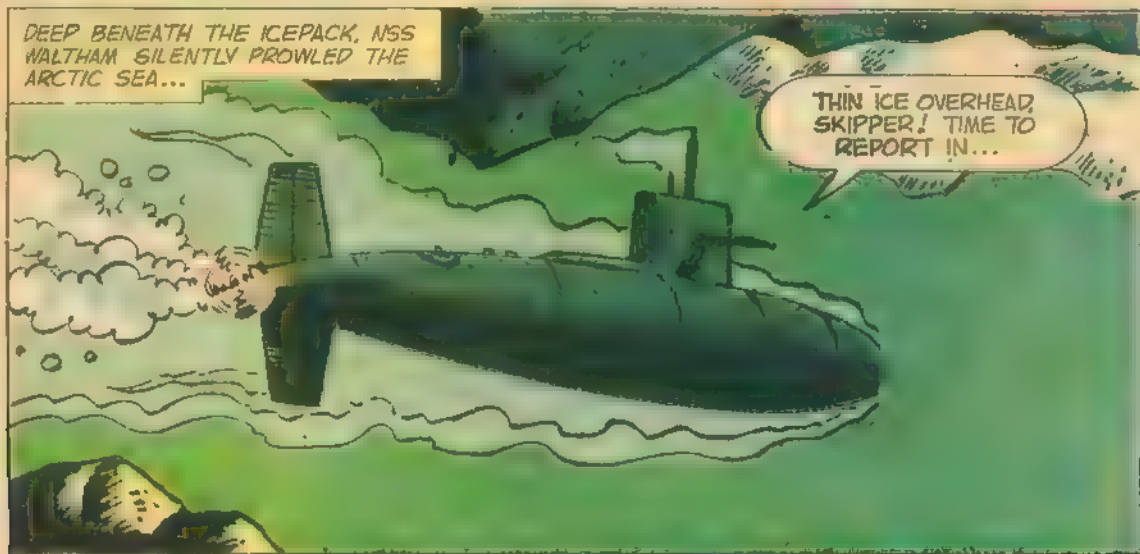
WE MUST RECOVER
THAT SATELLITE!
UTILIZE EVERY
RESOURCE!



WE'VE GOT A SUB UP
UNDER THE ICE PACK,
MR. PRESIDENT! I'LL
GET IT ON IT!



ON THE POLAR ICE THE SATELLITE LAY IN A
CRUMBLD MASS... BUT THE SUPERSECRET
SOPHISTICATED CIRCUITRY WAS INTACT...
AND HAD TO BE RECOVERED BY THE
AMERICANS!



DEEP BENEATH THE ICEPACK, NSS
WALTHAM SILENTLY PROWLED THE
ARCTIC SEA...

THIN ICE OVERHEAD
SKIPPER! TIME TO
REPORT IN...



HMMM... WE'LL GIVE
IT A TRY... IT'S AN
ICED-OVER FISSURE!

THERE'S AN ARCTIC
GALE BLOWING...
THE POLAR ICE IS
SHIFTING!

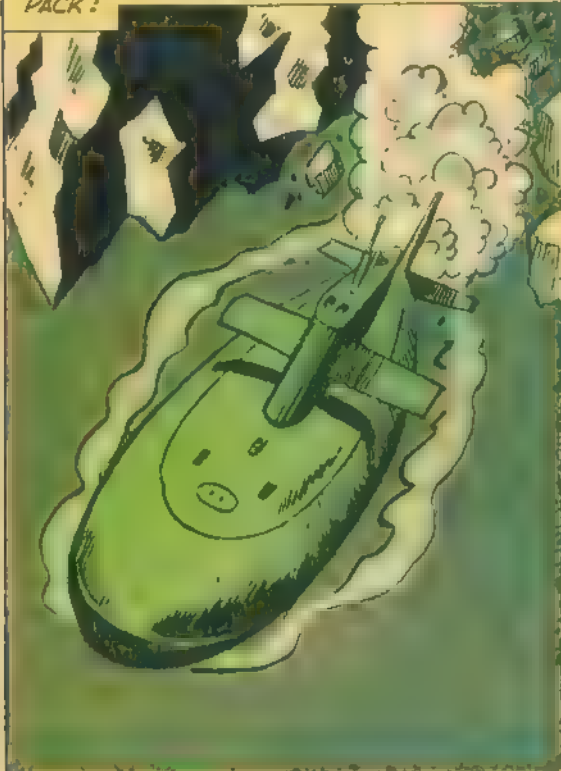


UNCLE MAX FROM
PAWNBROKER!
REQUEST ORDERS!

FOLLOWING IS IN
CODE BLUE!

MILITARY SPY SATELLITE
DOWN AREA NINER GEORGE
BAKER THREE! PROCEED
AND RECOVER... URGENT
PRIORITY!

NSS WALTHAM FLOODED HER TANKS AND SLOWLY SANK FROM THE GRINDING ICE PACK!



DEPTH NINETY FEET, COURSE ONE ZERO FIVER, SPEED TEN KNOTS, CAPTAIN!



THE RUSSIANS HAD ELECTED TO TRY A QUICKER, MORE DIRECT RECOVERY METHOD... ESPECIALLY EQUIPPED PARACHUTISTS WERE DROPPED INTO THE TEETH OF A 100 MPH GALE!



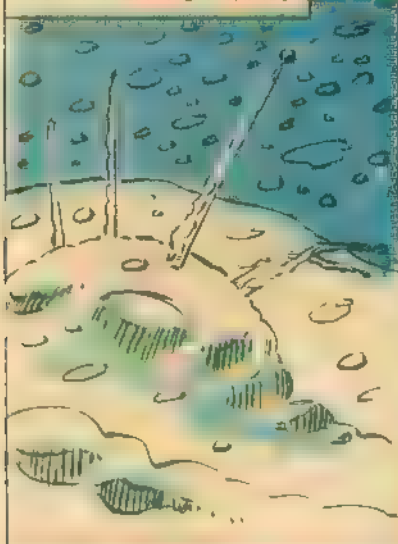
A STRATEGIC AIR COMMAND BOMBER HUNG FAR ABOVE THE ARCTIC STORM WATCHING THE GAME BEING PLAYED OUT BELOW... MONITORING WITH INFRARED CAMERAS, RADAR, AND RADIO SURVEILLANCE...

THE RUSSIAN PARACHUTISTS ARE ALL DOWN ON THE ICE, MAJOR... NONE OF THEM WITHIN MILES OF THE SATELLITE!

THEY WERE EXPENDABLE, SERGEANT! POOR DEVILS... MAYBE OUR PEOPLE CAN FIND THEM WHEN THEY ARRIVE!



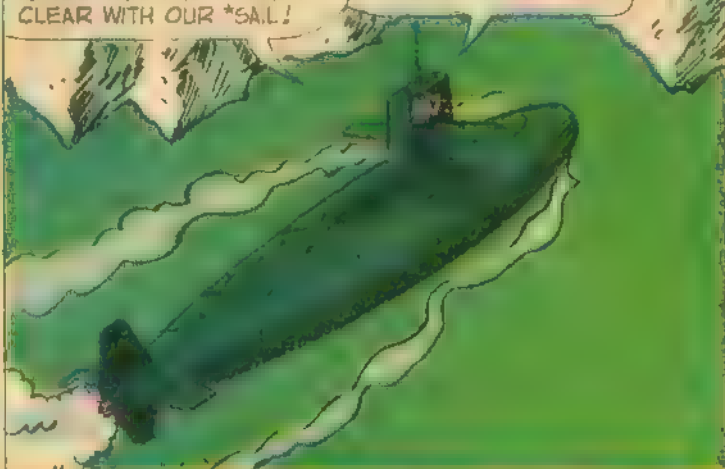
THE OBJECT OF THIS DESPERATE SEARCH WAS SLOWLY BECOMING SNOW-COVERED... PERHAPS TO LIE BURIED IN THE ETERNAL ICE NEVER TO BE SEEN AGAIN BY MAN!



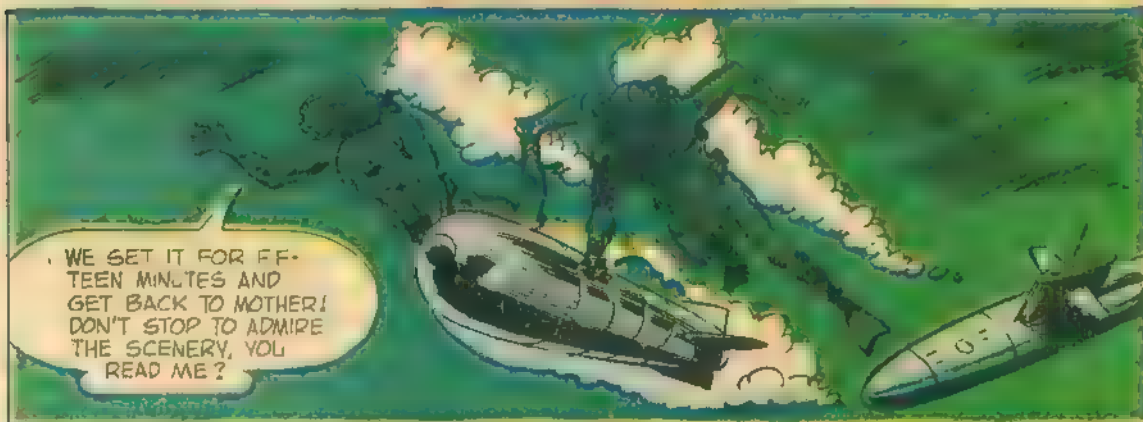
NSS WALTHAM PROBED THE ICE IN THE AREA DESIGNATED NINER GEORGE BAKER THREE...

THIS IS THE NEAREST TO THE TARGET AREA, SKIPPER... AND THE ICE IS TOO THICK TO BATTER CLEAR WITH OUR *SAIL!

WE'LL USE DEMOLITION CHARGES. TELL THE *U.D.T. TEAM TO SUIT UP!



*ED NOTE: *SAIL USED TO BE CALLED CONNING TOWER ON SUBS.
*U.D.T. - UNDERWATER DEMOLITION TEAM.

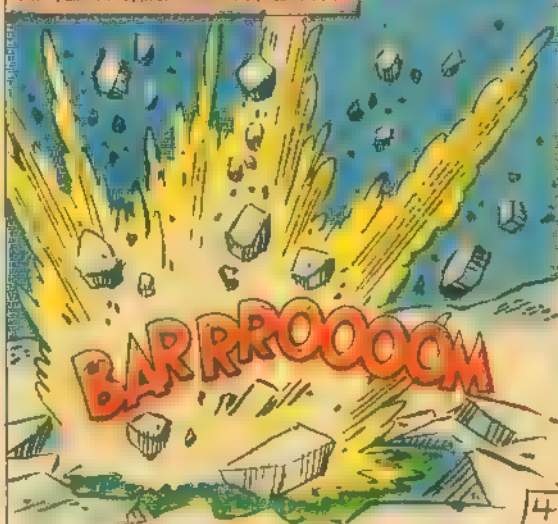


WE SET IT FOR FIFTEEN MINUTES AND GET BACK TO MOTHER! DON'T STOP TO ADMIRE THE SCENERY, YOU READ ME?



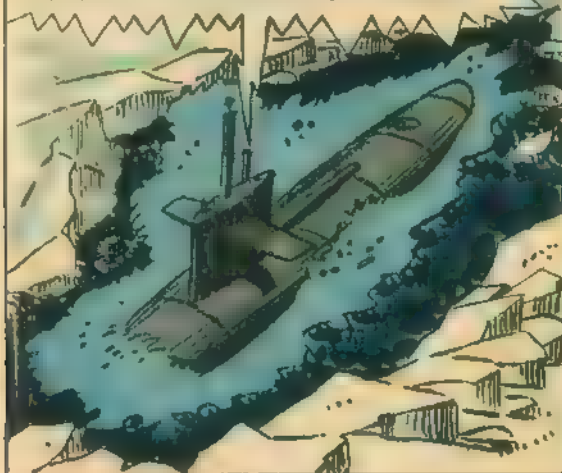
START SWIMMING BLODDY.

FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER...



CONTINUED AFTER THE NEXT PAGE

SKIPPER, THERE'S AN UNFRIENDLY, RANGE
12,000 YARDS, ALTITUDE 55,000 FEET,
BEARING 085 TRUE! ALSO, A FRIENDLY!



IT'S A BUSY LITTLE PLACE, ISN'T IT? LT. WADE,
USE PORTABLE ELECTRONIC SEARCH GEAR TO
LOCATE THE SATELLITE! WE'VE GOT AT MOST
TWO HOURS BEFORE WE GET ICED IN
PERMANENTLY!



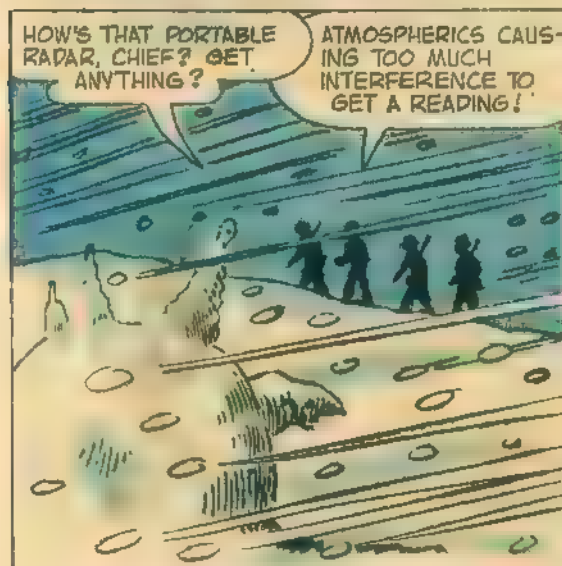
FOUR MEN FROM NSS WALTHAM, TRAINED FOR
POLAR SURVIVAL, LEFT THE NUCLEAR SUB...



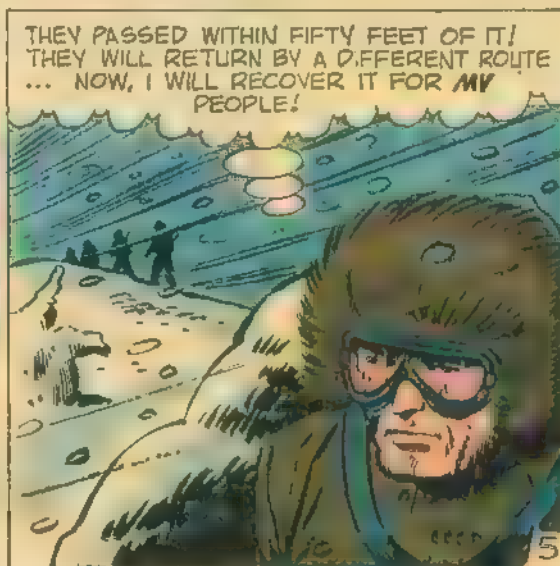
IT'S MINUS THIRTY-
EIGHT DEGREES
BUT IN THESE
HEATED SUITS
WE'RE ALL RIGHT,
SKIPPER!

HOW'S THAT PORTABLE
RADAR, CHIEF? GET
ANYTHING?

ATMOSPHERICS CAUS-
ING TOO MUCH
INTERFERENCE TO
GET A READING!



THEY PASSED WITHIN FIFTY FEET OF IT!
THEY WILL RETURN BY A DIFFERENT ROUTE
... NOW, I WILL RECOVER IT FOR MY
PEOPLE!

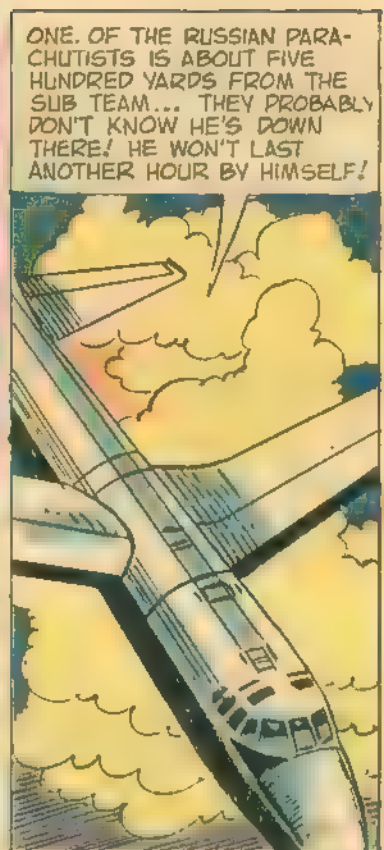




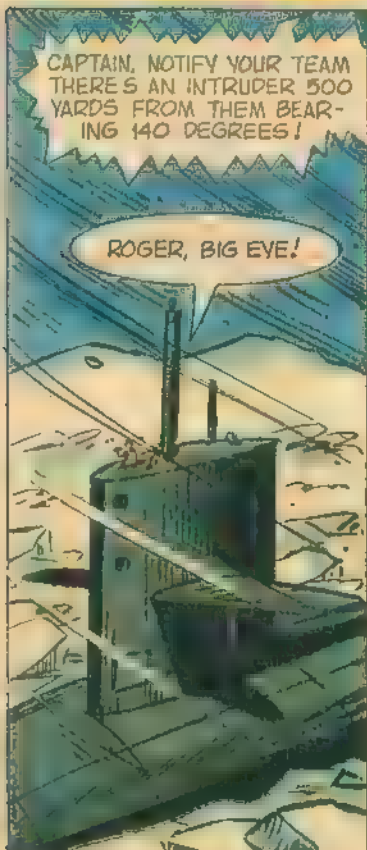
IF I SURVIVE...



HOLD THE PHONE!
I'VE GOT SOMETHING
ON INFRA-RED!



ONE OF THE RUSSIAN PARA-
CHUTISTS IS ABOUT FIVE
HUNDRED YARDS FROM THE
SUB TEAM... THEY PROBABLY
DON'T KNOW HE'S DOWN
THERE! HE WON'T LAST
ANOTHER HOUR BY HIMSELF!



CAPTAIN, NOTIFY YOUR TEAM
THERE'S AN INTRUDER 500
YARDS FROM THEM BEAR-
ING 140 DEGREES!

ROGER, BIG EYE!



SCANNING THE ICE BY RADAR WAS USELESS... THE
RECOVERY TEAM WAS ON ITS WAY BACK WHEN THEY
WERE TOLD ABOUT THE RUSSIAN...

BIG EYE SAYS YOU'VE GOT COMPANY
500 YARDS FROM YOU, BEARING 140
DEGREES! PICK HIM UP!



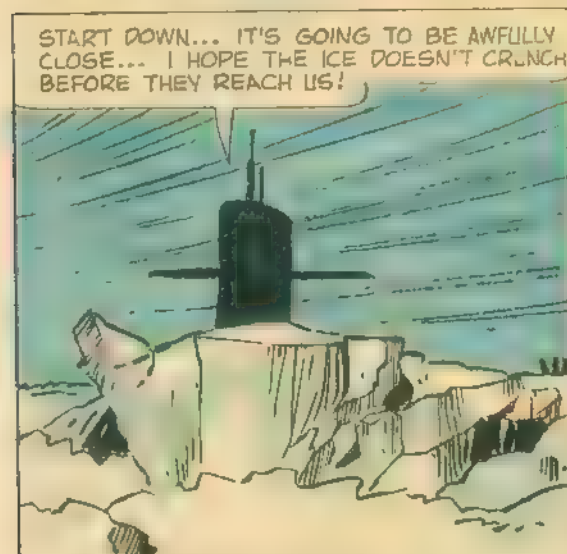
HERE'S THE RUSSIAN...
AND HE FOUND THE
SATELLITE FOR US!



THE AWKWARD BUT LIGHTWEIGHT SATELLITE
WAS CARRIED BY TWO OF THEM BUFFETING
THE SHRIEKING ARCTIC GALE WHILE THE
RUSSIAN WAS BROUGHT IN BY A THIRD...

WE'RE BRAGGING
IN BOTH OBJECTS,
CAPTAIN!

NONE TOO SOON...
THE ICE IS
SHIFTING!



START DOWN... IT'S GOING TO BE ANWFULLY
CLOSE... I HOPE THE ICE DOESN'T CRUNCH
BEFORE THEY REACH US!



THE I GOT ABOARD

BIG EYE FROM PAWN-
BROKER! MISSION
ACCOMPLISHED! TELL UNCLE
MAX! OVER AND OUT!



OUR GUEST WAS FROST-
BITTEN BUT HE WON'T
LOSE HIS FEET OR
HANDS, CAPTAIN!

EXCELLENT! TELL HIM OUR
PEOPLE WILL NOTIFY HIS
EMBASSY THAT HE'S ALIVE!
HE'LL BE RETURNED AS
SOON AS POSSIBLE!

END

The Nazi Helmet

Professor Herman Bluck stopped his car just before they reached the driveway of their destination. He had a final warning to give to his ten-year-old son, Marc.

"Remember how to act. Grandpa Harold has the Nazi Helmet for you. He called us up to come here. He does write a lot of stories for children and adults. Maybe sometimes he gets imagination and the real mixed up. But no matter what he tells you about his war experiences, listen and say nothing."

"But did he fight in the war or didn't he?" questioned the boy.

"He was in the army," admitted his father. "But I never did learn just what he did. I think he had kitchen duty and peeled potatoes."

Nothing like a visit to one's grandparents. Marc fingered the old Nazi Helmet. Then he turned to grandpa.

"How did you get it? Did you buy it or get it from a soldier?"

"I killed the soldier who wore it," said grandpa Harold. "Might as well tell you the whole story. Up to now it has been a secret. I went to college and for four years I had a room mate. His name is Sergio Varvinsky. He didn't speak much English when he came here to study. Sol really taught him English and he taught me his Slavic language. Then he went back home. Came the war. I was drafted. I had the job of peeling thousands of potatoes. And that is how it went until the day Captain Henderson came into the kitchen."

"Come with me at once. Ask no questions. You will be told what to do."

Next thing I know I face a lot of officers and one civilian. That man spoke to me in the language I learned from my friend. I replied and we had a talk.

"He will do," said the civilian. "Brief him on his mission at once."

"Listen carefully," says General Winston to me. "Sergio Varvinsky is now head of the partisan movement in his country. He needs supplies and help. Things are critical just now. He remembered you. Trusts you. So you head the mission to his country. We haven't time to teach you how to parachute to earth. Go and win the war for us."

I was a bit dizzy. But I didn't forget one thing to say. I thought of someday I would have grandkids.

"Make me a Major at least. So if I die that way, it would be nice for me."

And that's how I became a Major. When the war was over I was a full Colonel. I dropped from a plane with others. Captain Henderson was with me. I was met by my old school mate.

"I knew you surely wouldn't fail me," he said. "We

must stop the Nazis from advancing any further."

We went over plans. They had about 1200 armored cars ready to move from the village of Bastandi.

"I know how to cripple those cars," I said. "An old Halloween trick I used back home. Unfortunately, I had to pay the bill. I can tell you what to drop into each gas tank. No way of cleaning or repairing the engines."

Two days later a group of dancing girls went to entertain the Nazi officers at Bastandi. They were all loyal partisans. At night, they crept back on the ground. Took off the cap of every gas tank and dropped into each what they had been given. And the next day there was big trouble there.

"It must be sabotage," insisted General Hans Weiger. "But who did it?"

"I do not think it was a sabotage," sighed Major Ludwig Schmeller. "Just the bad gasoline we received from the captured oil fields."

That upset the Nazi timetable. They had to rush five relief columns to try to control the conditions there. Sergio showed me a map.

"Those columns must go through the Slovenian pass. With high cliffs on each side. What do you suggest?"

"Let them enter. Then blow up the entrance and the exit. Trap them there. You have captured anti-aircraft guns. If planes try to drop supplies, shoot them down. When the Nazis run out of food and water they will surrender. With all that equipment."

It worked and Sergio told me I was now a full General in his army. With my brains we would smash the Nazis at once. Three weeks later I blew up the dam on the Cropsutza River. We wiped out the rest of the Nazis there. The country was now free. They wanted me to stay. But my orders were to return to America with the rest of the mission.

"But the Nazi Helmet you gave me," said the grandson. "How did you kill the soldier to get it?"

"I killed so many," sighed grandpa. "I think I forgot whether I shot him, stabbed him, strangled him, or blew him up."

"Oh boy, you certainly made up a whopper," said Marc. "But it was a good story at that. Write it and sell it."

Just then three automobiles pulled up to the house. Out came a group of military men. They entered the house.

"General Henderson, how are you? And President Sergio Varvinsky, good to see my old friend. Glad you came. And it will be a surprise to my grandson to know we all fly within the hour to your capital. To celebrate Resistance Day. And thanks for the medal I am to get."

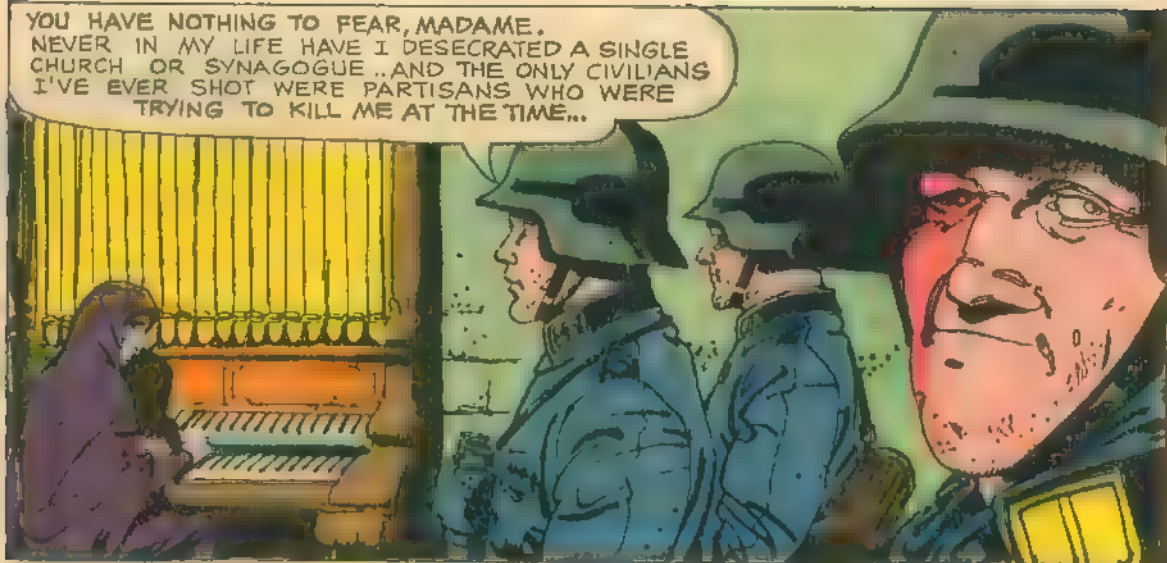


The Organist and the SS

D-3079



YOU HAVE NOTHING TO FEAR, MADAME.
NEVER IN MY LIFE HAVE I DESECRATED A SINGLE
CHURCH OR SYNAGOGUE...AND THE ONLY CIVILIANS
I'VE EVER SHOT WERE PARTISANS WHO WERE
TRYING TO KILL ME AT THE TIME...



GO ON, PLAY. THEY SAY THAT MUSIC HATH
CHARM TO SOOTHE THE SAVAGE BEAST
...AND WE ARE MOSTLY BEASTS HERE,
ARE WE NOT...? AH, YOU DON'T
UNDERSTAND WHAT I'M SAYING, DO YOU?



HOEPER, COME WITH ME TO THE
BELL TOWER LANG, TAKE THE
FIRST WATCH OUTSIDE. THE REST
OF YOU RELAX AND LISTEN TO THE
OLD WOMAN'S MUSIC YOU MIGHT
BENEFIT FROM A LITTLE 'CULTURE'...
WE'VE DESTROYED ENOUGH OF IT
AS IT IS ALREADY.

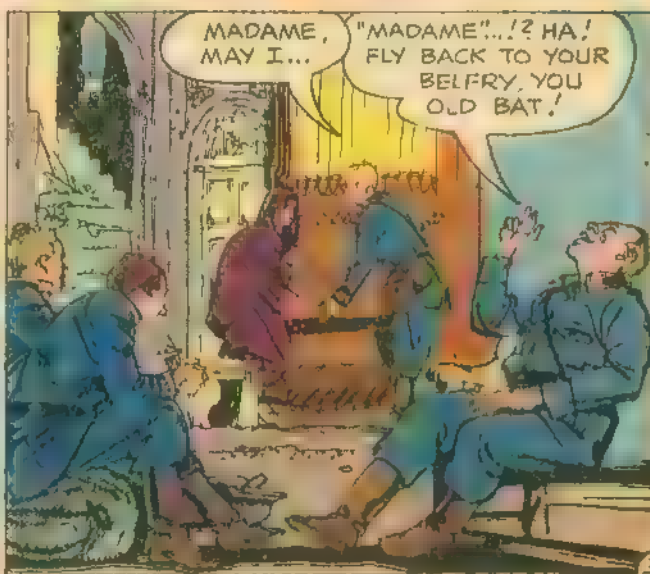
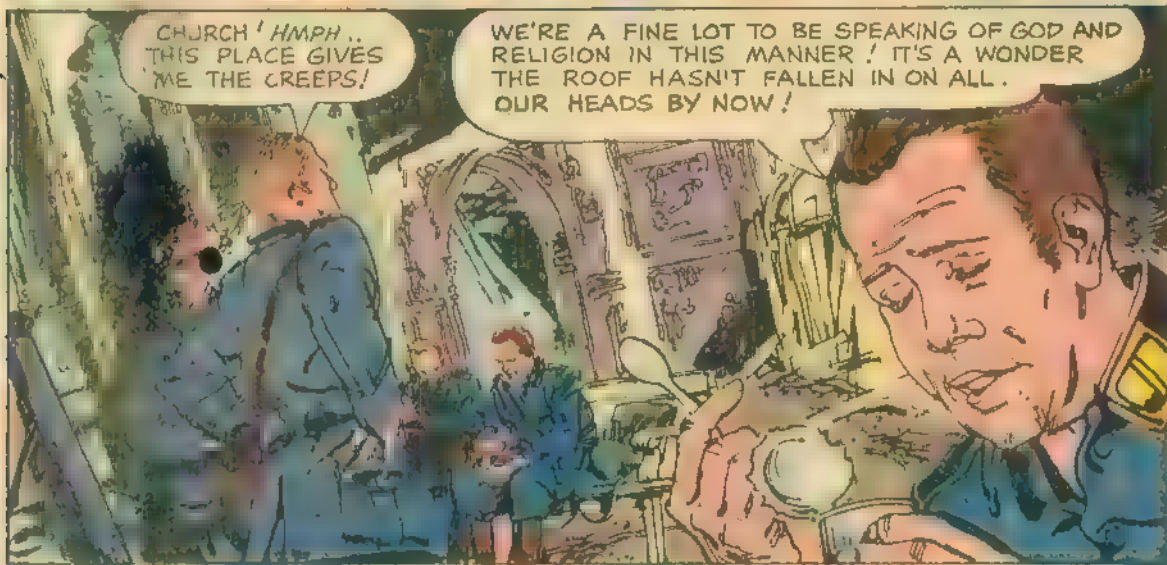


CHURCH MUSIC...REMINDS ME
OF NOTHING BUT FUNERALS.
HEY, OLD WOMAN, YOU'LL PLAY
AT OUR FUNERALS, HUH...?



THAT'S NOT VERY
FUNNY, KORSKI.

OH, NO? I
THOUGHT IT
WAS PRETTY
GOOD, MYSELF...



SHUT UP, YOU SLOB! THIS IS A CHURCH ORGAN. NOT MEANT TO PLAY THOSE DIRTY BAR ROOM SONGS HEARD IN EVERY FILTH HOLE FROM HERE TO THE CRIMEA...

SURE! SCHWENDE USED TO PLAY THE ORGAN IN HIS HOME TOWN CHURCH... THEN BURNED IT DOWN AFTER JOINING THE ARMY!

I'M WARNING YOU, KORSKI...

DIDN'T YOU KNOW HE HAS A CONSCIENCE!? SCHWENDE JUST COULDN'T RESIST THOSE STIRRING RECRUITING POSTERS! "ARE YOU COMING? FIGHT FOR YOUR COUNTRY! JOIN YOUR COMRADES IN THE WAFFEN-SS!"

OH, PARDON ME, HOLY MAN! TELL ME, WHAT MADE YOU JOIN THE ELITE FORCES "CHAPLAIN SCHWENDE"?

HA! SO ANOTHER PATRIOTIC IDIOT WILL SOON JOIN THE RANKS OF OUR HONOURED DEAD! I JOINED BECAUSE WHEN I WEAR THIS UNIFORM WHILE WALKING DOWN THE STREETS OF MY HOME TOWN... PEOPLE RESPECT ME... AND TREMBLE IF I SHOULD LOOK AT THEM THE WRONG WAY... I'M A BIG MAN...

YEAH, IT DOESN'T TAKE MUCH TO BE A BIG MAN IN A LITTLE TOWN, KORSKI. BUT OUT HERE YOU'RE NOTHING BUT CANNON-FODDER... JUST LIKE THE REST OF US... AND JUST AS BIG A FOOL!

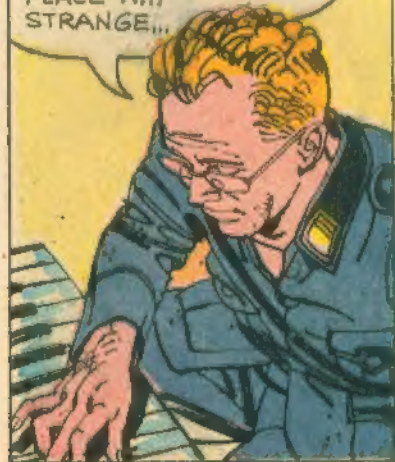


I KILL YOU FOR THAT SOMEDAY, WENEK!

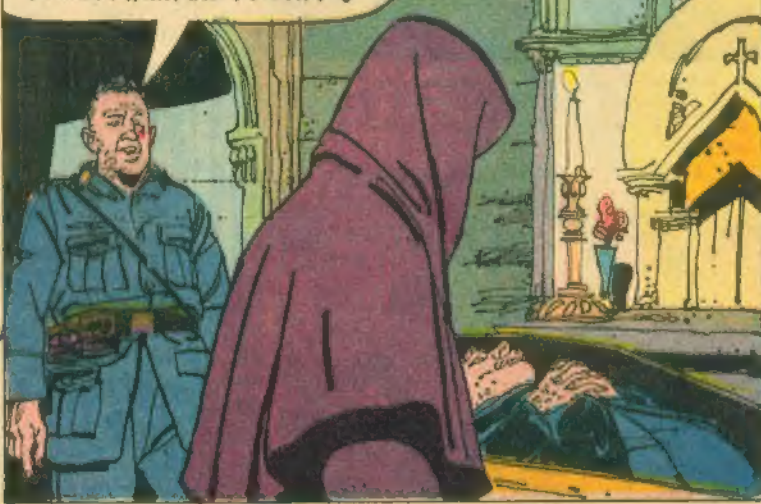
THE RUSSIANS'VE TRIED THAT ALREADY AND HAVE FAILED... SO NOW YOU'LL HAVE THE FRENCH TO CONTEND WITH, YOU BIG OAF!



THAT HYMN SHE WAS PLAYING SOUNDED SO FAMILIAR... YET I CAN'T PLACE IT... STRANGE...



HEY... SHE'S IN HERE... WITH A COFFIN... AND A STIFF!



MUST BE THE POOR OLD GAL'S HUSBAND. WELL, SHE ISN'T REALLY ALONE. AFTER ALL, SHE DOES HAVE HER MUSIC AND US; HA, HA...!

MEANWHILE, WITH THE FIRST
LIGHT OF DAY...

...WHERE DID
THEY ALL COME FROM? QUICKLY,
HOEPER, RELAY THESE CO-ORDIN-
ATES TO ARTILLERY FIRE CONTROL!

HURRY,
MAN,
HURRY!!



LOOK ALIVE, YOU
MEN! FRENCH
TANKS... COMING
THIS WAY!



MIGHT AS WELL LOOK ALIVE...
AS WE'LL ALL BE DEAD
PRETTY
SOON
NOW...

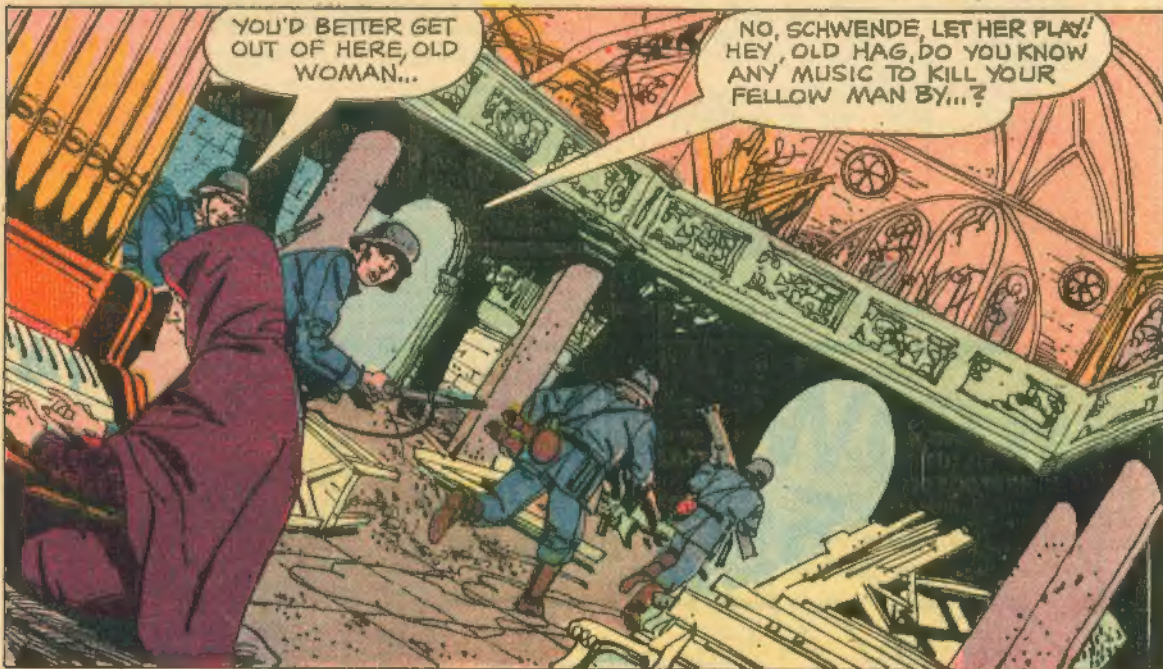
OH, SHUT UP, WILL
YOU, WENEK. AND
GET THAT "STOVE
PIPE OF YOURS
READY!



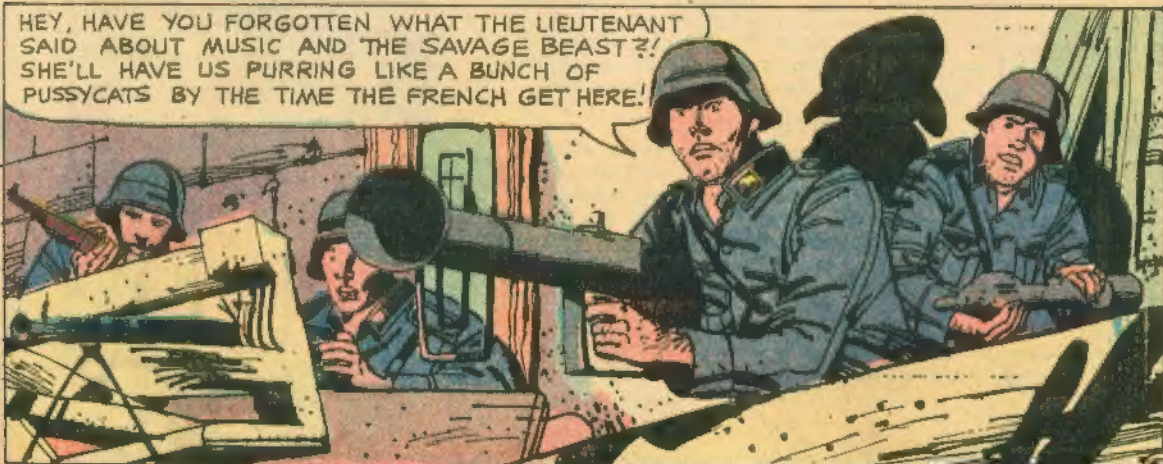
* 88 MM ROCKET-LAUNCHER
"PANZERSCHRECK"... OR TANK TERROR!

YOU'D BETTER GET
OUT OF HERE, OLD
WOMAN...

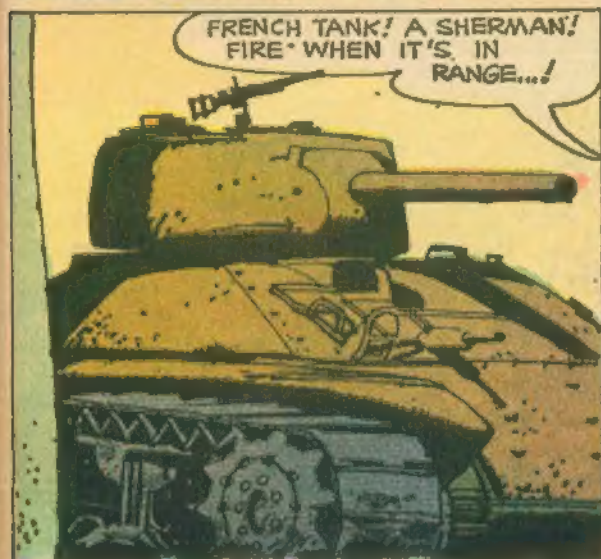
NO, SCHWENDE, LET HER PLAY!
HEY, OLD HAG, DO YOU KNOW
ANY MUSIC TO KILL YOUR
FELLOW MAN BY...?



HEY, HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN WHAT THE LIEUTENANT
SAID ABOUT MUSIC AND THE SAVAGE BEAST?!
SHE'LL HAVE US PURRING LIKE A BUNCH OF
PUSSYCATS BY THE TIME THE FRENCH GET HERE!



CONTINUED AFTER FOLLOWING PAGE



WHERE'S OUR ARTILLERY?

ON A HOLIDAY! THE FROG'VE BLASTED THE STEEPLE...LT KRAFT AND SGT. HOEPER ARE DEAD... WE'D BETTER GET OUT OF HERE...

DEAD... ALL DEAD... WELL WHERE ARE YOU NOW, "BIG MAN"...? ROASTING IN HELL.

FOOLISH OLD WOMAN, COME ON... NO! GO ON, OLD WOMAN, PLAY! HOW ABOUT A LITTLE JAZZ TO LIVEN THINGS UP A BIT, EH...? HA, HA, HA...

OF COURSE...I SHOULD HAVE
RECOGNIZED...THE SOLEMN
REQUIEM MASS FOR THE
DEAD...

...OUT OF THE DEPTHS I CRY TO THEE,
OH LORD, LORD HERE MY VOICE..."
THAT'S IT... UHHNNN...!

"...OUT OF THE DEPTHS..."
"DE PROFUNDIS..."
A FUNERAL HYMN...!